



## Poetry.

### THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears;  
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,  
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
And the summers like buds between,  
And the ears in the sheaf, so they come and go  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides in the shadows and sheen.

There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the Junes with their roses are staying.

The name of this island is "Long Ago,"  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty,—pure bosoms like  
snow,—  
Dear forms of dust,—but we loved them so,—  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

And fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unswung, and a harp without strings,  
Some broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And a mantle she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy  
shore  
To our vision is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent  
roar,  
Sweet voices—heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye, be that blessed Isle,  
And ever its beacons be bright,  
And when evening comes with its tranquil smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that Isle of repose be in sight.

## Selected.

### SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I had come back after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, to linger for a brief time amidst the old places made sacred to memory by childhood and youth. How familiar, and yet how changed in its familiarity was everything!—everything but the living who remained; and they were few, for death had been there as everywhere. I asked for this one and that one, as the thought of boyish friends came trooping back upon me, and the answer "Dead," was given so frequently that I felt as if a pestilence must have been there.

"What of Payson?" said I.

"Oh, he's all right," came the cheerful answer of the old friend with whom I was conversing.

"How all right?" I inquired.

My friend pointed to an elegant house standing in the midst of ornamental grounds that were adorned with fountains and statuary.

"He lives there," said he.

I remembered him as a young man of small means, but industrious and saving. We had been tolerably intimate, and I had liked him for his amiability, intelligence and cheerful temper.

"Then he has become a rich man?" I said.

"Yes, he is our wealthiest townsman; one of the most successful men in this region of country."

"Did he build that house?"

"Yes, and its style shows how well his taste is cultivated. We feel naturally proud of Mr. Payson."

"Then he is liberal as a citizen, using his wealth in enterprises that look to the common good?"

"Oh, as to that," was the reply, "he is like other men."

"How like other men?"

"Thinks more of himself than he does of other people."

"And what of Melleville?" I asked.

"Henry Melleville?"

"Yes."

There was a change in my companion's countenance and manner that did not

foreshadow a good report. He shook his head as he replied,—

"Poor Melleville stands about where you left him; never has [succeeded well in anything."

"I am truly grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends, I valued him most."

"It is too true, and I am sorry for it; that is his house." And he pointed to a plain white cottage, standing not far from the splendid residence of Mr. Payson, which made it look poor and almost mean in contrast.

"Strange diversity of fortune!" I said, speaking partly to myself. "Taking the two men as I now recall them, Melleville most deserved success."

"He was an excellent young man," was replied to this; "but lacked force of character, I suppose, or some other element of success. What, I don't really know, for I have not been very intimate with him for some years. He is peculiar in some things, and don't have a great many warm friends."

"Not so many as Mr. Payson, I presume."

"Oh, no; of course not."

I was surprised at this intelligence. Of the two men, I carried in my mind by far the pleasantest recollections of Melleville, and was prepared to beg of his success in life beyond that of almost every other one I had left in my native place.

"What of Henry Melleville?" I asked of another.

"Oh, he's a stick in the mud," was answered coarsely, with an indifferent toss of the head.

"I am sorry that my old friend, Henry Melleville, has made out so poorly," said I, speaking of him in a third direction. "What is the cause of it?"

"The causes of success and failure in life are deeply hidden," was the answer I received. "Some men profess to be gifted with a clear sight in such matters, but I own to being in the dark. There isn't an honest or more industrious man in the world than Melleville, and yet he don't get along. Five or six years ago he seemed to be doing pretty well, better than usual, when his shop burned down, and he lost not only valuable tools, but a considerable amount of stock, finished and unfinished."

"Had he no insurance?"

"Yes, but it was only partial, just enough to set him going again. Ten years ago he had a mill, and was doing, he told me very well, when a spring freshet carried away the dam and water-wheel. He had only rented the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in a lawsuit about this very property, no repairs were attempted, and he was forced to abandon a business that looked very promising. And so it has been with him all along. There ever comes some pull-back just as he gets fairly started on the road to success."

"How does he bear his misfortunes?" I inquired.

"I never heard him complain."

"It has been very different with Mr. Payson."

"Oh, dear, yes, his whole life has been marked with success. Whatever he touches turns to gold."

The testimony in regard to the two men agreed in the general. One had succeeded in life, the other had not. I felt interest enough in both of them to get a nearer point of view, and so in virtue of old acquaintanceship, called to see them. My first visit was to Mr. Payson. Was it because, like the rest of the world, I was more strongly attracted by the successful man? Have it so, if you will—human nature is weak.

"Will you send up your name?" said the servant, who showed me into a rather showily furnished office, where, it was plain, from the display of books and pa-

pers, that Mr. Payson met his friends who came on business.

I gave my name, and then waited for nearly five minutes before the gentleman appeared. I saw, the instant my eyes rested on his face, that he was in some unpleasant doubt as to the purpose of my visit.

"Mr. Payson," said I, warmly, as I arose and extended my hand.

He pronounced my name, but in a tone guiltless of pleasure or cordiality. The earnest pressure of my hand received no appreciative return. His fingers lay in mine like the senseless fingers of a sleeper. I was chilled by his manner, and felt like retiring without another word. But having approached him, I was not willing to recede without reading him with some care.

"It is twenty-five years since we met," I said, after resuming the seat from which I had arisen. "Time works great changes in all of us."

"So long as that," he responded, without interest.

"Yes, it is twenty-five years since I went from the home nest, out into the world, an ardent, hopeful young man."

"And how has the world used you?" He did not look at me in direct aspect, but with a slightly angular range of vision, as if there were a selfish suspicion in his mind touching the object of my visit.

"I have no complaint to make against the world," I said.

"You are a *rara avis*, then," he replied, with the ghost of a smile. "The first man I have met in a decade, who didn't rail at the world for treating him badly."

"Has it treated you badly?" I could not help smiling back into his face as I asked this question.

"Yes; or at least the people in it. The world is well enough, I suppose; but the people! Oh dear! Every other man you meet, has some design upon you."

"Your experience has been more unfavorable than mine," I replied.

"Then you are more fortunate, that is all I have to say."

I had been reading the face of this friend of my younger days attentively from the moment he came in. He looked older by forty years, instead of by twenty-five. But time had not improved his face as it does some faces. Every feature remained; I would have known him among a thousand; but every feature was changed in its stronger or feebler development. All that expressed kindness, humanity and goodwill had nearly died out while hard selfishness looked at you from every lineament.

"You have been fortunate," I remarked "as to this world's goods. Your garner is filled with the land's fatness."

The reference did not seem wholly agreeable.

"When I went from this neighborhood you were a poor young man. I return, and find that you have heaped up wealth in rich abundance. Only the few are successful in your degree."

"Money isn't happiness," he replied, his hard, heavy forehead contracting.

"No; but it may be made the minister of happiness," I said in return.

"Yes, I know. That is the common talk of the day," he answered in a kind of a growl. "But I find it the minister of evil."

"You surprise me. Rich men are not wont to speak after this fashion."

"Then they don't speak from their hearts, as I do."

"You have health and a beautiful home. These are elements of real happiness."

He shut his lips tightly and shook his head.

"I have no sound health. Don't know what it is to have a pleasant bodily sensation. And as for the beautiful home to which you refer—"

He checked himself, and became silent,

while a painful expression settled in his face.

"You have children?"

He lifted his eyes to mine with a questioning look, as if he thought me probing him.

"Yes," he simply answered.

"Pretty well grown by this time?"

"Some of them." He paused and then added, "And quite past me. Children, sir!" His manner grew suddenly excited. But he checked himself, with some confusion; then went on. "Children, sir!" stopped once more, as if in shame.

"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," said I cheerfully.

Payson merely shrugged his shoulders, and looked stolid and unhappy. I referred, in order to change the subject, to a topic of public interest. But his answers showed that he had no intelligent appreciation of a matter in which every man of thought felt a common interest. When I left him, after half an hour's interview, it was with the impression that, outside of money, he was the most unsuccessful man it had been my fortune to meet in this world. In nothing besides money-getting had he succeeded. When I last saw him he was a cheerful, bright, hopeful, good-tempered young man. Now he was morose, gloomy, and dull of intellect, except in a single direction—a great money fungus, without any of the elements of a true and noble life.

Upon inquiry, I learned that while his children were young, he was so absorbed in his fields and in his merchandise that he had no time nor inclination to cultivate their morals or to win their love. In matters of no real moment as to the welfare of these children he would interfere with his wife's management of them in an arbitrary and tyrannical way; thus closing their minds against him, and destroying his influence over them for good. Badly managed, repressed unwisely in some directions, and unwisely indulged in others, they were growing up selfish, ill-tempered proud and exacting; cursing with discord his home instead of blessing it with love. And he, as I could learn, giving way to a morose temper, made their lives as uncomfortable as they made his. It was mutual antagonism, and under circumstances that precluded a separation. And here was my successful man!

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melleville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little home, and stood looking me in the face, his own fine countenance all aglow with pleasure. "This is a surprise! Come in! Come in! And he drew me along the passage into a small parlor, the meagre furniture of which told the story of his limited means.

"When did you arrive? Where did you come from? Why, it's over—let me see—over twenty years since you were here, or at least since I have seen you here."

"Over twenty-five," said I.

"So long! Is it possible? Well, how are you, and where are you? Tell me all."

"All about myself! And the interest was sincere and cordial. "I must hear from you first," I answered, smiling back into his smiling face.

"You have not succeeded in getting rich, I see."

"Not rich in this world's goods; but true success in life is not to be measured by gold. We start, in early manhood, with happiness as the end in view, and in most cases wealth is considered the chief means of securing that end. I own I have fallen into the error myself. But my successes have not been in that direction. Riches would have done me more harm than good, and so in mercy they have not been given. I struggled hard for them: I called them for a time the greatest good, or the chief means for attaining the greatest good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came."

"But a manly philosophy sustained you," said I.

"It were better called religion," he answered, his voice falling into a lower key.

"I tried philosophy, but it wouldn't do; and so, in my weakness and pain, I went up higher, to the Strong for strength."

His face lighted up beautifully.

"And found in Him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I remarked.

"Yes, in truth. I am poor; but His are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

"You have children?" I said.

"Yes, and good children, thank God. Loving children!"

His eyes glistened as he spoke.

And this was the man who had succeeded, this was the man of whom some spoke with pity, some with indifference, and some even with contempt as if he was of no account. But Payson was "all right!" I referred to Payson.

"Poor man!" was the reply. "I never look at him without a feeling of pity."

"He has succeeded largely."

"There is a difference of opinion about that," said Melleville. "Some think he has failed miserably."

"He is rich."

"In money, and in nothing else; and of all riches that comes with fewest blessings. If not accompanied with riches of the mind and heart, gold always curses its possessor. So I read in the book of human life. It has cursed Payson. I would not exchange places with him, taking his consciousness and state of mind, for the wealth of a thousand worlds. No! no! no!"

He spoke with earnestness.

"I have seen him," said I.

"Well, how did he impress you?"

"As to all that is worth living for, I should say with you that his life had been a miserable failure."

"And so are the lives of thousands," he answered, "whom the world points out as its most successful men. Get close to them; see them in their true individuality; in their homes, if you can approach that near, and you will see poor wrecks of manhood, bloated selfishness, tormenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some eating cancer of the soul that goes on, day and night, with its work of ruin."

I saw these two men frequently during the few days that I lingered in the old familiar places, and when I went away it was with no nicely balanced question in my thoughts as to which was the truly successful man.

**A GENERAL REBUKE.**—Rev. Mr. Martin of Billington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was also somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land speculations in Maine, several of his parishioners and church members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it. In his prayer meeting he noticed that several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once they were gone to Bangor to attend a great land sale. After a hymn had been sung, he said, "Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?" Some one spoke up and said, "He is gone to Bangor." Mr. Martin, not disconcerted in the least, called out, "Deacon Barber, will you lead us in prayer?" He has gone to Bangor," another answered. Again the pastor asked, "Squire Clark, will you pray?" "The Squire has gone to Bangor," said some one; and Mr. Martin, being now satisfied, looked around upon the little assembly as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar request, and very quietly said, "The choir will sing *Bangor*, and then we will dismiss the meeting!"

A rural gentleman standing over a register in one of our stores attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife, "Mariar, I guess I'm agoin' to have a fever, I feel such hot streaks a runnin' up my legs."



# Arlington Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
BY JOHN L. PARKER.

At the Store of M. A. Richardson & Co.  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Adver-  
tising terms liberal.

ARLINGTON, JAN. 18, 1873.

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munications. The name and address of the writer  
are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good  
faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve  
communications that are not used.

## THE ICE HARVEST.

An article in the Boston Journal of a recent date contains some account of the harvesting of ice at Spy Pond. We make some extracts from it for the benefit of our readers. The ice trade dates back to 1806 when the first cargo was shipped. During the ten years from 1868 to 1872 inclusive, 1,013,119 tons of ice were exported. Between the years 1859 and 1866 the Eastern Railroad transported 144,596 tons of ice from Wenham Lake to East Boston, whence it was shipped to foreign and domestic ports. From 1867 to 1870 inclusive, the same company delivered 70,620 tons to the Fitchburg Railroad, over whose tracks it was drawn to Charlestown, making a total of 215,026 tons transported in twelve years. In the four last months of last year, the Eastern brought 20,629 tons of ice from Wenham to Boston. The Fitchburg Railroad has 205 cars devoted exclusively to the transportation of ice from Fresh and Spy Ponds, and Ayer Junction, and last year these cars were filled with 164,880 tons of the commodity which the Custom House officers of London declared to be "dry goods" when the first cargo of Wenham ice arrived in the Thames. The Boston and Maine Railroad, report that in 1872 they transported in forty cars devoted exclusively to that purpose, 18,739 tons of this fragile merchandise from Wakefield to Boston, and 528 tons from the same source of supply to Haverhill, whose citizens depend almost wholly upon the lake at Wakefield for ice.

Probably the most complete system of cutting ice is in operation at Spy Pond. The men employed in ice-cutting are mostly Canadians, of French extraction, who work in the market gardens of Cambridge, Belmont and Arlington in summer, and eke out the winter with products of their labor on the ice. Every summer about three thousand of these French Canadians come to Arlington and vicinity and work at farming. One third of them remain to work on the ice ponds in winter. The company has a large boarding-house, where meals are served to a large number of men, including the superintendents and foremen of the different gangs. James Durgin, Esq., is the general manager, and a very efficient man of business. H. N. Pillsbury is the mechanical superintendent of all the ice houses and machinery of the firm of Addison, Gage & Co., who are among the largest ice dealers in the country.

A new and extensive ice house has been erected the past summer upon an improved principle, which dispenses entirely with the use of tan in the preservation of ice. Similar houses have been constructed in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and proved successful. The improvement consists in the construction of air chambers in the walls, and a method of ventilation which tends greatly to the preservation of the ice. Two new houses have been erected by the firm on the eastern shore of the pond, 176 by 89 feet, and 180 by 126 feet, each with four platforms for the storing of ice. The largest house is divided into six vaults, the smallest into two, and both buildings have a capacity of 25,500 tons. Beneath the floor is laid a bed of tan four inches thick, through which the water filters and escapes through the sand. The vaults are thirty-two feet six inches high, and above the true roof is a deck with numerous ventilators. In the early construction of ice houses the walls were banked up with tan and saw dust which retained the moisture and rotted the sills. Brick has since been employed to secure permanency, but ice stored in even the most approved modes has suffered a much larger shrinkage than results from stacking in the air-chambered houses.

When the ice has accumulated to a sufficient thickness to warrant cutting, as it now has, the first operation is to clear the surface of snow, and this is done by

scooping it into a long furrow in the centre of the pond. The strip of ice on which it lays is then cut with hand-saws, and the mass allowed to sink. The ice at Spy Pond is now fourteen inches thick, and as clear as a crystal. The thickest ice ever cut in this section was eighteen inches, and the greatest depth to which frost was ever known to descend through fresh water in New England was in 1868, when ice made at Bangor twenty-six inches thick. A block of this ice was exhibited in State street, and attracted great attention.

There are 825 men employed as planers, scrapers, markers, hole men, and floaters and 40 horses. They are filling the long ranges of ice-houses on Pond street, already half packed, and when they have stacked up to 40,000 tons, which they can do in five days, they will move across the ice-pack and fill the new houses beside the Lexington and Arlington Railroad.

After the planers and scrapers have prepared the surface the markers lay out the field with great exactness. Following these are the plowmen with their narrow blades, which cut furrows varying in depth from four to twelve inches, each keen edged tool cutting a quarter of an inch. The marker with a straight edge, which Mr. Pillsbury made a quarter of a century ago, runs a line across the section which the scrapers have cleared of the chips of the planer, and in this groove runs a guide attached to the plow.

At the end of each groove the guide is reversed, even as the share of a side-hill plow is changed, and back goes the horse and the cutter. An intermediate plow follows, dividing the block into a size convenient for handling in loading into cars and wagons. The same operation is gone through with at right angles with the first cutting, and then the caulkers, dividing the field into sections of some fourteen blocks one way and thirty the other, tamp snow into the ends of the grooves to prevent water from flowing in and filling them up with solid ice. Another gang of men, with long, wide chisels, break out a raft of blocks, upon which the pole men with hooks attached to long spruce rods float to the canal, a long channel extending from the centre of the pond to the basin at the foot of the elevator. A horse is in waiting to tow the raft through the canal, by means of a drag rope attached to an iron bolt which is inserted in a hole bored in the ice with an auger. When the raft reaches the basin several men with chisels cut it into strips of half a dozen blocks and these are floated into two channels, at the head of which the blocks are separated one from another and pushed under a guard from which falls a succession of clamps attached to an endless chain, revolving on an inclined plane. Block after block is carried up to the platforms, which extend, one above another on the outside of the ice houses. From the elevator, inclined railways seven hundred and thirty feet long, conduct to the extreme end of the houses. Down slide the crystal blocks, following the curves of the run, passing under the brushes which clear the surface of the powdered ice, and over spurs driven into rails, which check their progress until they reach the shutles of the several ice-houses, where stand men with hooks. These fasten to the blocks, and swinging them into the opening, send them down the skids upon the stack. The blocks are not allowed to lose their momentum from the time they are taken up by the endless chain until they are piled up one above another in the ice house. All the perfect blocks are packed, while the fragmentary cakes are discarded by the packers one after another, until they finally slide off at the end of the run.

With the thermometer at 96 degrees in the shade, the scene within the houses would prove refreshing to thirsty and perspiring mortals, and even at ten below zero the view of the tessellated floor of the ice houses, covered with blocks of crystal, raises anticipations of refreshing coolness to be enjoyed during the summer solstice. Six thousand tons per day is the housing capacity of the works at Spy Pond, which are driven by an engine of forty-horse power. The engineer is obliged to sit constantly with his hand on the throttle, so fluctuating is the load which it is compelled to draw up the inclined plane. The process of ice-cutting is not dissimilar to that of cutting glass

with a diamond. Although the grooves are cut deep, in extreme cold weather the ice is brittle, and in separating refuses to follow the arbitrary line of the marker. The uniformity of the blocks is often destroyed and a great waste is the consequence. An economical disposition is, however, made of this portion of the crop. The Company has a branch track connecting with the Fitchburg Railroad, and during the harvesting season, cars are in waiting to be loaded with the ice which is unfit for storage.

The cars are loaded with great rapidity. The blocks are drawn up on inclined planes by horses, and the men load a car in twenty minutes. As many as one hundred and sixty-five cars have been loaded in a day. About 15,000 tons are shipped in the cars during the cutting season.

DEAD.—Mrs. Mary B. Hill, who died on the 9th inst., was the oldest person in town, being aged 92 years, 1 month, 10 days. She was the grandmother of Mr. W. H. Pattee.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Mr. Needham has discontinued his connection with Mann's Express. The route is now controlled by Messrs. Mann and Winn. Mr. Winn our readers will remember, and they will welcome him back to his old place.

We would say to our friends and patrons in Arlington, that M. A. Richardson & Co., will take any money for the Advocate you may have. New subscribers or those in arrears can find "Mark," or "Co.," on hand to receive the same.

Friend Allen is busy with his yearly reports. We find him at all times head over ears in statistics. We heard the other day, rumors of his vacating the office of Town Clerk at the end of the financial year. We hope this is not true, for a finer gentleman and more trustworthy official, could not be found. May he live for years to occupy his present position. The town can ill spare him.

REAL ESTATE.—Dea. Henry Mott has sold to Chas. H. Crane his residence and 1 1/2 acres of land on Arlington avenue, for \$10,000. Mr. M. agrees to open a court 35 feet wide on the easterly side of the lot, running back from the avenue, the depth of the lot, some 525 feet. This will open to builders 5 or 6 eligible sites for buildings. Without doubt in a few years the court will be cut through to Charlestown street.

1810—1873.—Sixty-three years ago to-morrow (Jan. 19th), occurred that extremely cold day, known in history as "Cold Friday." The day before this, Mr. William Adams, who lived in an old house situated where J. W. Peirce now resides, was in his field all day long plowing, the weather being warm and very pleasant. The next day was the severe one alluded to, making rather a sudden change of weather. So says Mr. Albert Allen, who remembers both the days well.

POUND PARTY.—The Universalist society had a nice time at their Pound Party on Wednesday evening. The pleasant faces on every side betokened the enjoyment each and every one was feeling. The supper was excellent, and the auction sale lively and productive of much fun. The packages, each weighing a pound, brought prices ranging from 50 cents to \$16. This latter price was paid for what proved to be when opened, a baby's rattle and one or two toys, while Hostetter's Almanacs sold for 75 cents a pound. The bidding was quite spirited, and under the management of Mr. B. Poland, good results were obtained.

A SUBJECT OF REGRET.—We have had our attention called within the last four weeks, some three times to what our informants called "almost a nuisance." We refer to the practice of the boys who attend the school at the Town Hall (which, by the way, is a very bad practice), amusing themselves on noon hours, before school hours commence, by standing upon the steps of the Town Hall, and hollering at persons passing in the street, assisting them in driving their horses, and much annoying them by their rude and impertinent remarks, loud laughter, and other indecent acts, unworthy the

character even of the smallest boys. We did not intend to have noticed this, having once been a boy myself, but we have been an unwilling witness to their rudeness and *blagardism*, and know that other persons have not only been annoyed by these acts of which we complain, but have had their horses frightened by their outrageous cat-calls and other disagreeable noises. We are extremely sorry that the teacher's influence over their charge does not extend over a longer period than simply school hours. There is certainly money enough spent in Arlington for schools, and for the fitting of our boys for future citizenship. A reform in some things is very much needed. Let this thing be looked after. If it is not soon, some of our citizens will ask for the services of "that policeman."

MYSTIC STREET.

LEXINGTON.

SMALL-POX.—It is very evident that the Selectmen are not equal to the present emergency. While other towns have taken preventive measures in regard to the spread of the disease which is abroad in the land, they are practically doing nothing. On Monday morning of this week, eight cases were reported, three at Mr. Sim's on the turnpike where the man died two weeks ago, one at the "Crossing," viz. Canfield's child, Mr. Ballard, Hancock street, Mr. Geo. Winship, Elm avenue, a Mrs. Adams on the Lincoln road, and a young man at the residence of the late Cyrus Reed. When requested to do something to prevent people from visiting infected places, one of the Selectmen remarked, "if the neighbors did not interest themselves to prevent it, he did not know what the town authorities could do." They were finally pressed so hard that they issued a weak-kneed "recommendation," when they should have made an order and put it in force. The safety of the people demands that the Selectmen should do their duty. By politely requesting the people of an infected house to remain at home, you show a kindly regard to their feelings, but the health and lives of the community are endangered unless the infected ones are obliged to remain isolated. The Selectmen know their power, the energy they have displayed in keeping the office proves that they can do things when they like, but to issue a circular like the one they have promulgated shows that in this case where they should be the protectors of the people they are unequal to the task. What they are afraid of we cannot say, but that they have not the courage to do their duty is evident in their circular, and this document proves them to be unworthy the position to which they cling.

MEMORIAL HALL.—As each day draws to a close, we are nearer to the Centenary of the 19th of April, and it becomes every citizen who has a pride in the name of Lexington to consider if something cannot be done to fill the two remaining niches in the Memorial Hall. We think that about eight hundred dollars added to the funds on hand would fill one niche, and we wish to propose to the inhabitants the idea of inaugurating some affair by which this amount can be raised. We have begged until we are ashamed or ought to be, and why not do something ourselves. We have in mind a Grand Fair to which everybody shall contribute and then, to which, everybody shall go, great and small. Let us have a first-class entertainment, offering variety to suit all tastes, and we cannot but think it will net us a handsome sum. The church societies always clear five or six hundred dollars, and why not double the amount where both churches unite. A Fair to which everybody is invited, an old-fashioned, good time. We shall be the better for it and half the work will be done, while the satisfaction of having done it ourselves, will start us on the remaining half with new spirit and zeal. Think it over, talk it up and act upon it.

DRAINAGE.—The petition of the town to the Legislature for power to drain the meadows, was presented to the Senate on Monday, Jan. 13th.

Mystic Park will be under a new management next season, the Mystic House and Park having been leased to Lon Morris, Esq. The house will be renovated and put in first-class order, and Mr. Morris will open the establishment on the 15th inst. The track is the fastest in the country, and might be made one of the most popular. Under the management of Lon it will undoubtedly prove a success.

Woburn.

SMALL-POX TRIALS.—George L. Hunt, his wife Sarah A. Hunt, and his son Joseph L. Hunt, were before Justice Converse Wednesday afternoon, on complaints charging them with violating the orders of the Board of Health, in coming out of their house where John Murphy was sick and died with small-pox. Mr. Hunt plead guilty, and stated that he went out Saturday night and called on Major Bancroft, as he thought the doctor ought to see the sick man. Next morning when the man died, he went to notify Mr. Allen because he thought there was no harm in it. Joseph plead guilty, and stated that he only went up to the doctor's to be vaccinated. Mrs. Hunt plead not guilty, and said she had done perfectly right, and just as she would do a thousand times again. She afterwards changed her plea to guilty, and said she had seven men to feed, and no one had been near her for three days and three nights, and it was absolutely necessary for her to go out. The Judge fined Mr. Hunt \$10 and costs, Mrs. Hunt \$20 and costs, and Joseph \$10 and costs, amounting to \$64.85.

Dr. George H. Hutchings plead guilty on Wednesday before Judge Converse, to a violation of the law requiring physicians to give notice to the Board of Health of small-pox cases. The doctor was technically guilty, having violated the letter of the law, although he obeyed the spirit of the enactment. He informs us as soon as he was called to Sutherland, who died on Salem street, he declared the disease to be small-pox, and informed the people in the house that the Board of Health must be notified. He then sent a young man to Dr. Harlow to inform him, supposing that the Doctor, as Town Physician, was a member of the Board. It appears, however, that Dr. Hutchings should have notified the Chairman of the Board, E. W. Hudson, Esq., in person, and failing to do so, he violated the law. The doctor supposing he had done his duty, the Board having at once assumed the control of the case, thought nothing more of it and heard nothing more of it until Wednesday when he was summoned to court. In view of the facts in the case, the Judge imposed the lowest fine allowed.

DRAMATIC.—The Medford Dramatic Society, by particular request, will give one entertainment in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Wednesday evening, January 22d, 1873, when they will play the popular domestic drama entitled, "Milky White," and the roaring farce of "Poor Pill-coddy." Parties wishing to secure the best seats in the Hall, should do so at once, as they are limited to a small number. Tickets for sale at S. Horton's, A. E. Thompson's and C. S. Adkins'.

John Cummings Esq., of Woburn, was re-elected President of the New England Shoe and Leather Association on Wednesday.

## Married

In Woburn, Jan. 12th, by Rev. J. M. Bailey, Mr. William P. Holt, of No. Reading, to Miss Isabella Phillips, of Woburn.

## Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Fairfield, Me., Jan. 12th, Mrs. Augusta P. wife of J. M. Fogg, and daughter of William Ellis formerly of Woburn.  
In Lexington, Jan. 11th, Cyrus Reed, aged 74.  
In Woburn, Jan. 12th, Seth Wyman, aged 60 yrs.  
In Arlington, Jan. 9th, Mrs. Mary Hill, widow of the late William Hill, Esq., aged 59 years, 1 mo. 10 days.

ARLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.  
At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank, held the 18th ult., the following officers for the ensuing year were elected, viz:  
President, Albert Winn.  
Vice-Presidents, George C. Russell, William E. Farmer, William F. Homer.  
Trustees, Albert Winn, George C. Russell, Wm. E. Farmer, Wm. F. Homer, Nathaniel Robbins, John Field, Reuben Hopkins, John Osborn, Josiah Crosby, James A. E. Bailey, Joseph Burrage, Jesse Bucknam, John Schouler, Stephen Symmes, Jr., Geo. Y. Wellington, John F. Allen.  
Secretary, William Proctor.  
Board of Investment, Albert Winn, Geo. C. Russell, Wm. E. Farmer.  
With the exception of Messrs. Bucknam and Schouler, they have all been notified of their election to said offices, have accepted the same, and have been duly sworn.  
WILLIAM PROCTOR, Sec. & Treas.  
Arlington, January, 13th, 1873.

ARLINGTON POST-OFFICE.  
Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.  
Mail closes at 9 A. M., and 4 P. M.  
LEXINGTON POST-OFFICE.  
Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.  
Mail closes at 9.00 A. M., and 4 P. M.

Lexington Savings Bank.  
Deposits in sums of Five Cents to One Thousand Dollars will be received at this Bank, and placed upon interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.  
LEONARD G. BABCOCK, Treas.  
Lexington, April 24th, 1872.





TO  
THE PUBLIC

## MRS. DR. SECOR'S MEDICINES.

Will be found a sure cure for any of the diseases for which they are put forth. Look at the names of the references; they are the names of some of our most reliable citizens, who have known her and her treatment for a number of years, and who willingly and cheerfully recommend her and her medicines to all needing them. And if this is not sufficient to convince the most skeptical, you can call at her office, 159 Warren Avenue, Boston, where sufficient testimonials will be shown from living witnesses, who will feel happy to speak of her in the highest terms as a thoroughly educated and skilful physician. Her very extensive and successful practice of over 20 years has given her a wide field of experience in the treatment of those diseases she compounds her medicines for.

Her **ALTERATIVE** will be found a sure cure for Scrofula in its worst form, Glandular Swellings, Salt Rheum, Old or Indolent Ulcers, Syphilis, Cancerous Growths, Tumors, Sore Eyes, Nodes, Itch, Scald Head, Discharges from Ears, Ring Worms, and all Eruptions of the Skin, Moth, Blotches, Pimples, Flea Worms, Discolorations, etc. Ladies who wish a clear and beautiful complexion, will find it just the preparation they need. If any gentleman has been subjected to the use of mercury for fever, etc., the Alterative will be found invaluable in cleansing and purifying the system.

Her **QUINCHONA BITTERS** is a sure cure for Dyspepsia.

Her **NERVOUS, NEURALGIA and ASTHMA PILLS** are excellent for all persons afflicted with Neuralgia, Colic, Delirium Tremens, etc.,

Her **CATHARTIC PILLS** are purely Vegetable. Rheumatism can be cured by using her celebrated LINIMENT.

Her **CHOLERA SPECIFIC** is a remedy for Cholera, Spasms, Asiatic Cholera, Diarrhoea, etc.,

Her **SALVE** for Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, etc. A printed circular accompanies each, with full directions for use, and treatment, etc.

Sold by all respectable Druggists.

Any person wishing to consult MRS. DR. SECOR before beginning to use her medicines, can do so by addressing or calling at her office, No. 159 WARREN AVENUE, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Mrs. Dr. Secor introduces, by permission, the following references—gentlemen whose character and position in society entitle them to the highest confidence:—

**REFERENCES.**—Samuel Burnham, editor of the *Congregationalist*; Rev. W. H. H. Murray, L. L. D., M. D., B. S. Gilbert, Esq., Benjamin Cushing Esq., F. C. Humphreys, Esq., Nathaniel Crowell Esq., Dr. Thresher, Arthur Cheney, Esq., B. W. Gilbert, Esq., Samuel Caverly, Esq., Lewis Rice, Esq., American House, of Boston; John Livermore Esq., Cambridgeport, Mass.; Prof. A. A. Stewart, Cambridge, Mass.; Prof. John G. Anthony, Cambridge, Mass.; D. F. Whitney, Esq., Milford, N. H.; E. Richardson, Esq., Clinton, Mass.; Wilson Morse, Esq., Clinton, Mass.

159 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

## The Congregationalist

opens the new year with articles from some of the most eminent writers in the country. In the first number REV. W. H. H. MURRAY furnishes the first of twelve articles from his pen. It is entitled "A Free Pulpit a Pulpit of Power." In the Sabbath School column DR. TOWN has comments every week on the Uniform Lessons, and thousands will regard them alone as worth the cost of the paper. Mrs. J. D. CHAPLIN, who interests alike all classes of readers, will furnish one of her popular sketches every month. A series of twelve articles from as many of the most distinguished clergymen in England, such as DEAN STANLEY and DR. BINNEY, will be commenced next week. REV. HORACE JAMES furnishes letters from abroad once in two weeks. An attractive Agricultural column is edited by JAMES F. C. HYDE. Besides our usual Children's Department we publish this year one or more articles every week in large type for the youngest. Our Washington letter every week, though only a column long is read with great interest and comes to seem like a familiar talk about events at the Capital. If you wish to know what is going on at the East, in New York, in the interior or at the West, take the *Congregationalist*. Our news department, both secular and religious and the literary page of the *Congregationalist*, are more full and complete than those of any other religious paper, and we aim to make the most interesting attractive and valuable of religious journals for the family.

Every new subscriber gets a beautiful chromo and frame worth \$5 at least. Send for a specimen number. Forty columns of reading matter a week. Price \$5 a year. Sent to clergymen of any denomination, without charge, \$2.

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15 Cornhill, Boston.

## NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,

No. 80 UNION STREET,  
BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors. All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving compound interest.

ROBERT MANN, President. GEO. C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.**  
Oliver Viles, Thomas L. Jenks,  
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,  
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

## Wm. L. CLARK & CO.

CARRIAGE PAINTERS, TRIMMERS,  
AND

## HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.

A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surching, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes.

ARLINGTON, MASS.  
Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

# Christmas

AND

New Year's

# PRESENTS HOLIDAY'S!

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# JEWELRY STORE

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Main Street

Cor. RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

All Goods  
at the lowest  
Cash Prices.

The Finest  
Assortment  
ever offered.

Arlington and Lexington, Attention.

Bread,  
Cake,



Fancy  
Crackers

IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown Bread EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON, MASS. W. H. PATTEE.

Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.,

FOR THE

Solid Gold and Silver  
GOODS,

The celebrated Henry Bequelin. Ladies Watch, in 18kt. Gold cases, every one good time keepers.

For Gold and Silver Goods, to order,

CALL EARLY.

HAIR JEWELRY to order. Seven hundred patterns to select from.

Repairing in all its branches.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,

Town Hall Building,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

EXPRESS NOTICE

BOSTON & LOWELL R.R. CO.'S  
EXPRESS.

Lexington, Arlington and Concord Branch, thankful for the liberal patronage given it in the past, publishes the following rules and regulations for the information of the public and those who wish to be accommodated by express.

FIRST.—Write all your orders plain and sign your name, as the company will not be responsible for verbal orders.

SECOND.—When leaving an order at the office 33 Court square, Boston, see that it is written in the book used for that purpose.

THIRD.—All orders should be left one hour before the train leaves.

FOURTH.—When ordering goods that must be paid for, send the money if the cost is over three dollars (\$3.00) and all expense paid by the messenger, must be paid him on the delivery of the goods.

FIFTH.—No goods will be collected or delivered by this express, south of Dover street in Boston, but must be forwarded by the South End Express.

SIXTH.—No goods will be received unless properly packed and plainly marked.

SEVENTH.—Anything received marked C. O. D., must be paid for on delivery.

EIGHTH.—Work for regular customers will be charged if they wish, but the bills are expected to be paid upon being presented, once a month.

Messengers Leave Lexington for Boston, on 7.10 and 9.15 trains. Leave Arlington for Boston, on 8.50 and 1.15 trains.

Messengers Leave Boston for Lexington 2.45 and 5.10 trains. Leave Boston for Arlington on 11.45, 2.45 and 5.10 trains.

Lexington, Dec. 23d, 1872.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Pour on Water!

Isaac N. Damon,  
INSURANCE AGENT,

The Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance

Co., at Concord, Mass.

The Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance

Co., at Salem, Mass.

The Merchant's & Farmer's Mutual Fire

Insurance Co., at Worcester, Mass.

The Central Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

at Worcester, Mass.

The Trader's & Mechanic's Insurance

Co., at Lowell, Mass.

The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

at Brighton, Mass.

The Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

at Quincy, Mass.

Also several stock Companies, including

THE WATERTOWN FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN,

N. Y., to which your particular attention

is called.

Lexington, Dec. 21st, 1872.

FLOYD & JOHNSON,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

No. 3 Tremont Row, Cor. Howard St., Boston.

Take this course to inform their friends and the public generally, that they are prepared to show and sell Farms, Suburban and City Property, to those in want of the same, and we feel confident that with the well selected stock on our files that we can please all, who may favor us with a call.

To those wishing to dispose of their Real Estate, let it be either farm or village property, we shall be most happy to receive a call from them, feeling that with our facilities for transacting business, we can give entire satisfaction.

GEO. W. TAYLOR,

DEALER IN

Calf, Kip and Rubber

BOOTS and SHOES,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Lexington Mass.

Satisfaction guaranteed

PLUMBING

AND

GAS FITTING!

John J. O. Bryan,

Practical Plumber

AND

GAS FITTER,

Pleasant street, cor. Arlington Avenue.

Water and Gas introduced into stores, private dwellings and manufactories, in the most thorough manner.

All kinds of hot and cold water apparatus fitted up with neatness and despatch.

Pumps of every description furnished and repaired. Chandeliers, Pendants, and Brackets furnished and put up.

Orders respectfully solicited and all work warranted.

N. B.—Orders from out of town will be promptly attended to.

CHARLES F. BRADBURY

(Successor to Thomas Ramsdell.)

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK; also repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

Rowe's Quadrille Band,

LEXINGTON.

G. H. ROWE, Prompter.

G. W. WRIGHT, Agent

Music furnished (any number of pieces) for Parties, Sociables, Weddings &c., at REASONABLE PRICES and perfect SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. All orders addressed to the Agent at East Lexington, will meet with prompt attention.

JOHN FORD,  
TAILOR,

Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Garments Cut, Made, and Trimmed in the latest styles. Garments repaired and cleaned in the best manner.

PEARSON & TOSBY,

APOTHECARIES,

ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. MEDFORD ST.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

A good assortment of PURE

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.

Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 8 P. M.

Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Music Lessons.

MISS L. M. ALLEN is prepared to take Pupils in Music in Arlington and adjacent towns. Terms in Arlington, \$10, and in other towns, \$12.

Address, 150 1/2 Arlington, Mass.

Refers by permission to Rev. G. W. Cutter, Arlington, and Rev. W. A. Starr, No. Cambridge

L. G. Babcock,  
DRUGGIST

AND

Apothecary,

(At the Post Office.)

Lexington, Mass.

Has a full and carefully selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines,  
TOILET ARTICLES,

AND

Fancy Goods!

Also all the standard reliable

Patent Medicines,

Stationery, Confectionery, Choice Cigars

and Tobacco, Pipes, Smokers' Articles,

Toys, &c.

N. B.—Particular attention given to compound ing Medicines.

S. W. HALEY,

Carriage Manufacturer

AND

Horse Shoer,

Arlington Ave., Opp. Medford St.,

ARLINGTON.

Custom Work and Repairing neatly and prompt ly executed. Horse Shoeing a specialty.

Having engaged the services  
of first-class

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK & REPAIRING

with neatness and dispatch.

OVER STORE OF E. P. RICH, LEXINGTON.

P. Teare,

Merchant Tailor, of Woburn,

will be at the store of M. A. RICHARDSON & CO., Arlington, at 7 P. M., every Wednesday, for the purpose of receiving orders and taking measures for clothes.

WILL HAVE SAMPLES OF CLOTHS.

Fish Market.

Mr. E. KEEF will continue the business of the above firm at the old stand on

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

and will keep constantly on hand the best qualities of Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish, and Oysters.

All orders attended to with the dispatch which has always characterized this establishment.

Whitcher & Saville,

Main Street, Lexington.

GROCERIES,

Extra Teas, Coffees and Spices,

PAINTS, OILS,

AND PAINTERS' TOOLS,

Grain of all kinds, in quantity.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER

AND HORSE SHOER,

Arlington Avenue.

Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,

ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

L. PEIRCE & CO.,

Dealer in First-Class

GROCERIES,

Of every description.

Pure Java Coffees Ground on the Premises every day.

ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

MATTHEW ROWE,

Dealer in

FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

ARLINGTON, MASS.



**TWO ASPECTS OF THE CASE.**—One beautiful afternoon in August, there came to me the heart-broken wife of a State prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon and restoration to home and society. It was a very sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man—one who lived only to serve the poor, the tempted, and the criminal. All he had, all he was, he gave unreservedly to help thieves and drunkards. His house was their home. His name, their bail to save them from prison. His reward—their reformation. It was a happy hour to hear him tell of the hundreds he had shielded from the contamination and evil example of prisons, and of the larger proportion he had good reason to believe, permanently saved. Out of hundreds, he once told me, only two left him to pay their bail, forfeited by neglect to show themselves in court according to agreement—only two!

Bred under such a roof, the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams and high purposes. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by energy, industry and character, ended in a bankruptcy, as is so often the case in our risky and changing trade; then came a struggle for business, for bread—temptation,—despair—intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, forgetfulness and crime. How hard his wife struggled and wrought to save him from indulgence, and then to shield him from exposure! How long wife, sister and friends labored to avert conviction and the State prison. "I would spare him gladly," wrote the prosecuting attorney, "if he would stop drinking. He shall never go to prison if he will be a sober man." But all this wretchedness and crime came from rum.

Manfully did the young man struggle to resist the appetite. Again and again did he promise, and keep his promise perhaps a month—then fell. He could not walk the streets and earn his bread soberly, while so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbor's vices—lured him to indulgence. So rightfully, the State pressed on and he went to prison. An honored man disgraced, and loving home broken up, a wide circle of kindred sorely pained, a worthy, well-meaning man ruined—sorrow and crime. "All comes of rum," says the keen-sighted lawyer.

As I parted from the sad wife on my doorstep, I looked beyond, and close by the laughing sea, stood a handsome cottage. The grounds were laid out expensively and with great taste. Over the broad piazza hung lazily an Eastern hammock, while all around were richly painted chairs and lounges of every easy and tempting form. Overhead were quaint vases of beautiful flowers, and the delicious lawn was bordered with them. On the lawn itself, gaily dressed women laughed merrily over croquet, and the noisy children played near. A span of superb horses pawed the earth impatiently at the gate, while gay salutations passed between the croquet players and the fashionable equipages that rolled by. It was a comfortable home as well as a luxurious one. Nature, taste and wealth had done their best. It was a scene of beauty, comfort, taste, luxury and wealth. All came from rum. Silks and diamonds, flowers and equipage, stately roof and costly attendance, all came from rum. The owner was one who in a great city, coined his gold out of the vices of his fellow-men.

To me it was a dissolving view. I lost sight of the gay women, the frolicsome children, the impatient horses and the ocean rolling up to the lawn. I saw instead, the pale convict in his cell, twelve feet by nine, the sad wife going from judge to attorney, from court to Governor's Council, begging mercy for her over-tempted husband. I heard above the children's noise, the croquet, laugh and the surf waves, that lawyer's stern plea for exacting the full penalty of the law. All this comes from rum. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor strong drink.

**HOW TO READ.**—Thomas Wentworth Higginson says, in a recent number of the *Woman's Journal*:

I was once called upon to prescribe intellectually for a young girl of fair abilities, who showed no want of brains in conversation, but was perfectly indiffer-

ent to books. She read dutifully and torpidly whatever was set before her—novels, travels, history—all were the same; each page drove out the previous page, and her memory was a blank. Her parents asked me to teach her to read; she joined in the request, and I consented to the experiment on condition that she would faithfully read a single book in the way I should direct. She consented.

It was at the time of Kosuth's visit, when everybody was talking about the Hungarian revolution. The book I chose was "Hungary in 1848," by Brace, of far more interest than now. I prescribed it in daily doses of one chapter. If possible she was to read that—the chapters being short—but under no conceivable circumstances was she to read any more. After each chapter she was to put down in a blank book I gave her some remark suggested by it. She must mention something that had interested her, give the explanation of some word, or anything else she pleased. Her comment might be only to say that Gorgy was a traitor, or to inquire how his name should be pronounced; but at least there should be at least one sentence or remark per chapter. From time to time I was to see what she had written, and answer her questions if any. This was the prescription, and she took it very courageously.

I knew in advance what would be the greatest difficulty. It was to keep her to one chapter. It seemed to her such a mistake, such a waste of opportunity, when she could so easily manage five or six chapters in a day. Had she done so, all would have been lost; so I was inexorable. The consequence was that she never failed to read her chapter; and when she got to the end of it, for want of anything better to do, she read it over again, or went to work with her notebook. It was a very nice note-book, and she wrote a beautiful hand. When I came to look over the pages every few days, I was astonished at the copiousness and variety of her notes. On some days, to be sure, there would be but a single sentence, and that visibly written with effort; but almost always there were questions, doubts and criticisms, all of which I met as I could. I found my own mind taxed by hers, and finally re-read every chapter carefully that I might be ready for her. And at the end she told me with delight, that for the first time in her life, she had read a book.

Where was the magic of the process? I suppose mainly in the restraint, the moderate pace, and the necessity of writing something. "Reading," says my Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man; writing, and exact man." To clearly define and systematize what you know, write.

**FALLING OVER A WHEEL-BARROW.**—If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles towards the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it, either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.—*Danbury News.*

A Georgia colored lyceum discussed the question, "Which is the most useful—paper or gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant, who spoke as follows: "Mr. President—'Spore dar was a bar out dar at de door, and you was to go dar an' shake de paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jess shoot a cannon at him and mark the result. I call for de question.' The president forthwith decided, in favor of powder.

**TWO CLERICAL ANECDOTES.**—Western Pennsylvania has a clergyman named Talbot, of considerable reputation for originality and wit, of whom the following anecdotes are told:

On one occasion Mr. Talbot had come into church late, after a long journey, and was spattered with mud from head to foot. He entered the meeting without brushing the dirt from his clothes—indeed, without waiting for his breakfast—and a huge pair of rawhide boots, size about fifteen, covered with a coating of moistened dust were painfully conspicuous. His congregation was too good-natured or too respectful to look at his appearance, and no remark was made until he stood up at a small deal table, which was bare of all covering, to preach his sermon. The table was without cloth, and the dirty rawhide boots were singularly distinct objects when compared with the neat surroundings of the altar. Yet not a whisper was heard until the reverend gentleman announced his text:

"How beautiful are the feet of those who stand at the gates of Zion."

For a moment there was only a suppressed titter; then, all at once, the whole congregation, with an electrical sense of the humorous, burst into a suppressed roar, in which Mr. Talbot joined.

A certain sharp fellow (in his own conceit), having heard one of Mr. Talbot's sermons, thought he would joke the clergyman a little, and, meeting him soon afterwards, he remarked:

"That was an excellent sermon of yours Mr. Talbot, on the miracle of the wine. The only trouble was that it was not original."

"Not original?" exclaimed Mr. Talbot, with a twinkle coming for a moment into his serious eyes; "why, you surprise me."

"No doubt," replied the wag, shaking his head, "but I have a book at home with every word of it in."

"You are mistaken," replied Mr. Talbot, with an air of severity; "this is an unfounded, and, excuse me, a serious charge."

"Well, I have an excellent box of cigars at home," replied the wit, "and if I cannot convince you—I know you never make wagers—I will make you a present of it."

"Agreed," said Mr. Talbot, with an air of great confidence.

Next day the gentleman brought up a large dictionary, and endeavored to convince Mr. Talbot of the truth of his remark.

"I have heard the joke before," replied Mr. Talbot, with a laugh, "and you will find that in my sermon I used the phrase 'chorea rustica,' when alluding to dancing, and, unless you have got your proof, I will thank you for the cigars." He got them.—*Appleton's Journal.*

**OUR DEPENDENCE ON EACH OTHER.**—

We are emigrants crossing over the plain together, God mixed things in this world. We are trying to select and bring things together that they shall be just alike; but God keeps things mixed. All classes of people are thrown together. You cannot sift out the poor from the community. The rich may buy land and lay out streets and build houses, and keep away from people that are low, and not allow emigrants to come near them—in a little corner they can do it; but in some way or other an equivalent will come up. The poor are indispensable to the rich. The roots of the prosperity of the rich grow among common folks. The life of a tree is dependent upon its roots. If the bottom suffers, the top suffers also. And so men are dependent upon each other. You cannot get out of your social connections in society. We are mixed up, good and bad, honest and dishonest, just and unjust, mean and honorable. Men plead that, in all the innumerable ways in which they are brought in contact with their fellow-men, they are tired of men. Well, I am tired of men, too; and what do I do? Just what I do when I am tired of anything else. I go to sleep, and become rested and refreshed, and then get up and go at it again.—*BEECHER.*

**JOURNALISM A SCIENCE.**—A certain U. S. Senator said to a newspaper man the other day: "I don't understand how you journalists get all your news. I get the papers every day and read about things which had taken place around me, and of which I was completely ignorant. I find you know more about what is going on in the Senate Chamber even than I do myself, though I am not inattentive to my duties. I am free to confess, however, that I could not get along without the newspapers, and I have come to the conclusion that journalism is a science."

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